

# The War Cry

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## HIS LAST CARD.

Some Incidents From the Gaming Table.

BY MARLAN.

Perhaps there is no passion so terrible in its growth, so fierce in its operations or so baneful in its action on the mental

They trade in the greed of ill-gotten gain, in the gratification of a passion upon which the hell dogs of luxury, suicide and murder are constantly waiting.

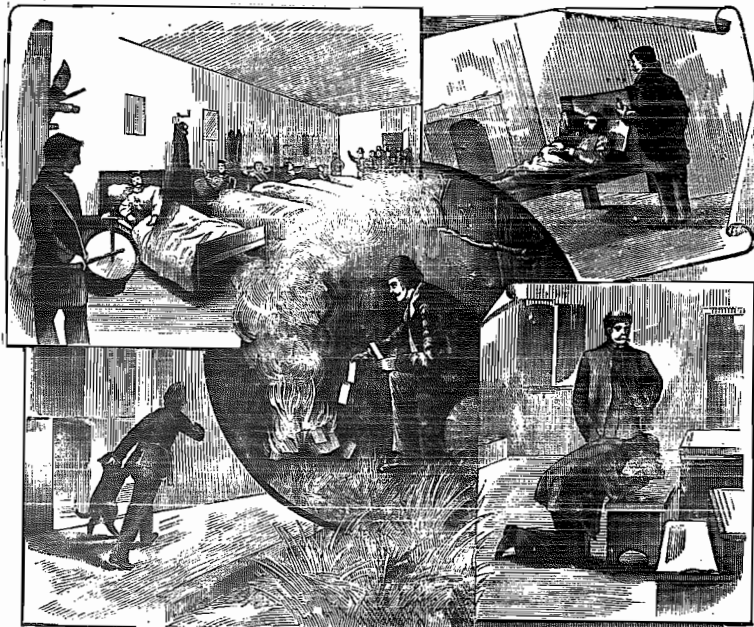
"I could not stop, I could not help myself," an old gambler said to me. "I had sold my soul to the gaming table, and I saved for naught else. For thirty years I had been a gambler. The excitement and frequent disappointment had made my temper unbearable; the slightest annoy-

I was standing on his hearthstone then, and I looked around me. A neat little cottage, with creeping autumn plants brightening the window, a blazing fire roasting in the grate, and about it four golden-headed children playing where the rays of the evening sun fell across the floor and shone brightly on the face of the grateful wife as she stood smiling through her tears.

One deliverance at least from the mad

voted the poor remainder of his wasted life to the felon who had redeemed him.

"The love for gambling grew so upon me," said another gambler, "that I could not look at a woman without my eyes being riveted to the sporting columns. The betting ring, the cards and dice so fascinated me that I would have staked all I possessed—eye, soul and body into the bargain—on a single game, or in a single wager. My hon-



A Pouch and Judy Chow Not Conducive to Sleep.

A Bottle of Rum Assists Him at the Death-bed of a Hero.

Rover "Run In."

Burning His Books and Sporting Papers.

"Salvation's the Tramp Card."

expulsion of its votary as the passion for gambling. No evil so nearly amounting to its intensity to frenzy as this evil.

See the trembling fingers, the bated breath, the white, eager, almost livid countenance of the player round the card table; see the stereotyped crafty expression that is written on the faces of the "racing and betting men" on the road to the "course," it is the result of their propen-

sion to my home made me

LIKE A HAVING MARLAN.

I was more than unkind, I was brutal, and my children dreaded the sight of me. The sound of my step made them run from the house as if a tiger were on their track. My poor wife! Well, it is all past now. God did for me what I could not do for myself. He wrought in me such a cure that has resulted in peace in my own soul and happiness in my home and family."

enthralment of this terrible vice, this man had treasured up the books and sporting papers of a lifetime in a great room. One night's work at the penitentiary rolled the scales from his eyes, and, on his arrival at home, he emptied the press of his contents, and, in the early morn-

MADE A STUB DOUBTER in a field close to his house; then, kneeling beside it, breathed a prayer of thanksgiving to God for his salvation, and de-

days was terrible—terrible."

Terrible as it was, it was broken by a simple act of faith on the part of his young sister—a salvation soldier. Every night as he was retiring to rest he heard her praying for him in the quiet of her chamber. Trembling with conviction, the poor dupe of sin often stood in the dark passage, unable to proceed.

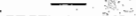
One day this sister said to him, "Oh, [CONTINUED ON PAGE 4.]











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